

Growing Around Test Episode #3 Script:

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The Sitter

3rd Draft

[We begin episode with a shot of the Dunn family's house. The door opens, and out steps Timmy. Timmy is still dressed in his pajamas, and a mug of fruit juice is in his hand. Timmy walks outside and to the mailbox. He grabs the mail and returns inside. The boy then goes to the kitchen where the rest of the family is eating breakfast. Timmy sits, and begins to examine the mail.]

Timmy: Junk....junk...more junk.... Oh, hey! Check this out Sally! We're invited to a birthday party tomorrow!

[Sally smiles.]

Sally: Really? Whose birthday is it?

Timmy: You know that kid Devin? He's turning 10 today. Tomorrow night, he's having a big ol' party at his house.

[Sally finishes the last bit of her juice, and get up from the table.]

Sally: That's awesome! Oh! I gotta get ready! Jell-O shots to bake! Birthday presents to buy! Hey, can someone clean my dish for me? Thanks!

[Sally bolts from the kitchen.]

Robert: I'll do it. I do the dishes today, anyway.

[Robert gets up and washes the dish. Timmy looks at the invitation again, and notices the words, "Kids Only! No adults!"]

Timmy: Aw, man.

Linda: What's wrong, Tim?

Timmy: No adults can come to this party. We'll have to leave you guys home.

[Linda smiles excitedly.]

Linda: (eagerly) We get to stay home alone? (Mentally) Yes! No unhealthy dinner. I'm having salad, and fruit smoothies, and--

Timmy: [He laughs.] No, silly. You guys are too old to look after yourselves. You need a sitter.

Linda: [She frowns.] (Mentally) Aw man...

[Robert turns to Timmy, cocking a brow.]

Robert: Tim...we're middle-aged adults, not an elderly couple.

Timmy: But you're still adults, though. You might do weird stuff while we're gone, like eat healthy stuff. [He makes a face of disgust.] Ugh!

Robert: [He shrugs.] Whatever. I don't mind, as long as they don't get in the way of my gaming. I'm on the final level of the new side-scroller I got last week and I don't want to be distracted because they want to finger-paint or something.

Timmy: Alright. I'll go look for an adultsitter right now.

[Timmy leaves the room.]

[We cut to the next night. Timmy and Sally are all dressed in casual outfits. Timmy is holding a birthday present, while Sally is holding a tray of Jell-O shots. Sally eyes them hungrily.]

Sally: Mmm...I just want to eat them right now...

Timmy: Just wait a bit longer, Sally.

[We cut to Robert and Linda in the living room. Robert is playing his side-scroller, while Linda watches. Linda looks worried. She looks at Robert.]

Linda: Hey, Robbie, how do you think the sitter's gonna be?

Robert: [He shrugs.] Pretty cool, I guess. I mean, why would Timmy pick a bad adultsitter?

Linda: What if the adultsitter acts nice when the kids are around, but acts like a total

brat when the kids are gone?

Robert: [He chuckles.] Linda, I think you've been on that "Media Clichés and Dictions" website a bit too much.

Linda: (sarcastically) Oh, ha, ha, very funny. (Seriously) I mean it, Robert. We've never had an adultsitter before. What'll they be like?

Robert: You worry too much. Everything will be fine.

Linda: Whatever you say, Robbie.

Timmy: (offscreen) Robert! Linda! The sitter's here!

[Robert pauses his game, and gets up.]

Robert: Well, let's go see who the sitter is.

[We cut to Robert and Linda joining Timmy and Sally at the front door, just as a 12-year-old Caucasian girl enters the Dunn house. This is Miranda. The girl is finishing up a conversation on the cell phone in her hands.]

Miranda: (whispering) Ok, Helen, I'm at the Dunn house. I have to hang up, but I'll call you back, ok? Bye. [She hangs up and addresses the Dunn family.] Sorry about that. Hi, I'm Miranda. [She looks up at the adults.] Robert and Linda, right?

Linda: Yep.

[Robert nods.]

Timmy: Sally and I gotta go now. We'll be back later. [He turns to Miranda.] Miranda, you're in charge of the adults while we're gone. Don't be afraid to ask them for anything.

Miranda: Got it. Enjoy the party.

[Timmy and Sally finally leave for the party. Miranda, Robert, and Linda watch as the Dunn family car pulls out of the driveway and drives down the street. When the car is gone, Miranda closes the door, locks it, and faces the adults with a serious look on her face.]

Miranda: Ok, you two. If I'm gonna sit for your kids, I need to lay down some rules. Rule number one: you guys listen to me.

Robert: That one sounds kind of obvious.

Miranda: Rule number two: The front door and the windows have to stay locked all night.

Robert: Again, kind of obvious.

Miranda: [She glares at Robert.] Now, the last rule is that we can NOT play hide-and-seek. I'm not even joking.

[Robert and Linda glance at each other.]

Miranda: Do you guys understand me?

Robert and Linda: ...Yeah?

Miranda: [She smiles again, pulling her phone from her pocket.] Good. Now, I have to make a quick phone call. Could you two excuse me for a minute?

Robert: Sure.

Linda: Alright.

[Robert and Linda head back to the living room. Once they are gone, Miranda dials a number. She puts the phone to her ear.]

Miranda: Hey, Helen. What are you up to? [She pauses.] Good, good.

[We cut to Robert and Linda. Robert is playing his side-scroller again while Linda watches. Linda turns to Robert.]

Linda: Who do you think she's talking to?

Robert: Probably some family. It's not our business, though.

Linda: I know. I'm just curious. What's that saying about moths?

Robert: "Like moths to the flame"?

Linda: Yeah, that one. I'm the moth and phones are my flame.

Robert: You're not wrong.

[Miranda then enters the room. Robert is too focused on his game to pay attention to anything.]

Miranda: Ok, you two. What do you and your kids usually do around this time?

Linda: Sally starts on dinner.

Miranda: Ok. How does pizza sound?

Linda: [She cringes.] It's not gonna have chocolate sauce and gumballs on it, right?

Miranda: [She chuckles] No, it won't. How about an extra cheese pizza?

Robert: (absent-mindedly) That sounds cool.

Linda: (hopefully) Could we also make a veggie pizza?

Miranda: I've never made one before, but I can try.

[Linda smiles, while the sound of a heavenly choir plays in the background.]

Linda: (Mentally) Thank you.

[Miranda turns and starts to leave the living room, but she pauses and looks back at the adults.]

Miranda: Hey. Are you guys coming?

Linda: Huh?

Miranda: I can't just leave you two here alone. Come with me, both of you.

Linda: Oh...ok...[She turns to Robert.] Come on, Robbie.

[Robert doesn't respond, concentrating too much on his game. Miranda goes over to him and tries to pull the controller from his hands. Robert jerks away.]

Robert: Don't do that. I'm almost at the end.

[Miranda shakes her head, and goes to the game console Robert is using. She disconnects the controller from the console. We see a shot of Robert's character in the game coming to a stop on a platform. We see Robert tapping buttons on the controller. He starts to get frantic.]

Robert: (worried) Wh-what did you do!?

Miranda: Relax. I was just trying to get your attention. We're going to the kitchen to make dinner, ok?

Robert: But--

Miranda: (sternly) No talking back to your sitter. Now let's go.

[Robert is pulled from the couch by Linda. The three walk from the living room, to the kitchen. Miranda goes through the contents of the fringe, and pulls out pizza ingredients. She sets the ingredients on the kitchen counter, and then addresses the adults.]

Miranda: Ok, before I do this, I need to make a quick phone call. You two stay put. [She turns, pulling her cell phone from her pocket and turning around.] Hey, Helen.

[Robert leans towards Linda.]

Robert: (frantic whispering) Hey, Linda. I really need to get back to my game. Do you think you can distract Miranda?

Linda: [She cocks a brow at Robert.] What?

Robert: [He slowly backs out of the kitchen.] You know, talk her about stuff. Uh, phones! Talk to her about phones! Remember, you were talking about that whole “flames to the moth” thing?

Linda: You mean “moths to the flame”?

Robert: [He stands near the kitchen entrance.] Yeah, that too. I’ll be right back! [He runs offscreen.]

Linda: [She sighs, and goes to Miranda. She makes sure to stand where Miranda won’t be able to see that Robert is missing.]

Miranda: (to Helen) Sure, I’ll pick some up for you on my way home tonight. No problem, Helen. Ok, I gotta go, but I’ll call you back later. Bye. [She puts the phone back in her pocket and turns. She jumps when she sees Linda behind her.] Linda? What are you doing?

Linda: [She smiles.] Nothing. I was just wondering who Helen was. I heard you say her name.

Miranda: Oh, Helen. She's my grown-up. I had to leave her home in order to sit for your kids, so I have to check on her. Sorry if it's annoying. But she's my mom, and I worry about her a lot.

Linda: That's ok. She's your family.

Miranda: [She smiles.] Thanks for understanding. I hope I don't seem too bossy, by the way. Every time I adultsit, I get a little crazy.

Linda: It's all good.

Miranda: Good. I'll make the pizza now.

Linda: [She makes sure to stand in front of Miranda while she moves around the kitchen.] I'll help you.

Miranda: Thank you. Hmm, Robert's being pretty quiet.

Linda: (nervously) He's always like that, especially around strangers.

Miranda: Oh, ok.

[The two start making the pizzas. Miranda suddenly drops her rolling pin.]

Miranda: Shoot. [She picks it up, but happens to see the rest of the empty kitchen in the process. Her eyes widen and she starts to panic.]

Miranda: L-Linda? Where's Robert?

Linda: (Mentally) Uh-oh... (Aloud) Uh, don't worry, Miranda. He's just around the corner, in the living room.

Miranda: [She shakes her head.] No, no, no, no. I need to see him. Come on, Linda.

[Miranda takes Linda's wrist and drags her into the living room. Robert is there, playing his side-scroller. He's on the final boss, and Robert is determined to win. Miranda crosses her arms and glares at Robert.]

Miranda: (seriously) Robert.

[There's no response. Angrily, Miranda heads for the console again, and this time, grabs the plug. She's prepared to rip it out of the wall. Robert notices this.]

Robert: (scared) Wait! Please, don't!

Linda: (nervously) Miranda, calm down. Don't be mad at Robert. He just wanted to finish his game. He gets a little crazy when he's close to finishing, that's all.

Miranda: (angrily) You had me worried sick, Robert. [She releases the plug, not pulling it out.] I don't care if you were finishing your game. I'm supposed to be your babysitter. How am I supposed to sit you if you're not where I can see you?

Linda: Miranda, you don't have to obsess over watching us. It's not like we're gonna disappear.

Miranda: [She sighs.] Helen did, once.

[There's a silence. Only the music from Robert's video game can be heard.]

Linda: ...Really?

Miranda: Really. We were playing hide-and-seek one afternoon in the park, and I couldn't find her anywhere. I went to the cops and they ended up finding her a few hours later; she had gotten lost while she was hiding. I'd never spent so long by myself before. Now, I'm afraid of losing another grown-up. [She looks at Robert.] I'm sorry, Robert, for almost ruining your game. I just got scared that I had lost you like I lost Helen. I guess I was over-reacting.

Robert: It's cool, Miranda. I'm sorry, too. I should've listened to you.

Miranda: Don't worry about it. You can make it up to me by beating that final boss. [She looks up at Linda.] Linda? Will you help me make the pizzas?

Linda: [She smiles and nods.] I will.

Miranda: [She also smiles.] Thanks. [She takes the woman's hand and walks out of the room.] (Loudly) Make sure you check in with me after you win, ok, Robert?

Robert: (offscreen) Got it.

[We cut to later. Robert and Linda are in their rooms and in bed. Miranda is sitting on the couch in the living room. She's talking to Helen again.]

Miranda: I'm almost done with adultsitting, Helen. I'll be home in maybe half an hour. Yeah, I'll still pick some up for you. Ok, goodnight. [She hangs up.]

[There's a sudden knock at the front door. Miranda answers the door, and sees Timmy with a passed-out Sally on his back.]

Miranda: Oh, Timmy. Welcome home. [She looks at Sally.] What happened there?

Timmy: She ate too much sugar, had a sugar rush, and crashed.

Miranda: Ah.

Timmy: So how was Robert and Linda?

Miranda: They were awesome. I had no trouble out of them.

Timmy: [He smiles] Good. I'm gonna give you a tip, then.

Miranda: [Miranda shakes her head.] Don't worry about that. In fact, don't pay me at all.

Timmy: (confused) Huh?

Miranda: Yeah...uh...it's a new thing I thought up for when I adultsit: the first night's free as long as I get to sit for you again.

Timmy: Deal!

Miranda: Pinkie swear?

Timmy: Pinkie swear.

[They hook their pinkies together.]

Miranda: Goodnight, Timmy.

[Miranda leaves the house, while Timmy enters with Sally.]

[We cut to the next morning. Linda enters the dining room for breakfast, and sees all sorts of sugary foods. She chuckles.]

Sally: Hi, Linda. You ready for breakfast?

Linda: Yes, I am. [She walks to the fridge, and pulls out some leftover slices of her veggie pizza.]

Sally: Ew! Veggie pizza!

Linda: [She bites a slice.] Mmm...veggie pizza....

[The End.]